

LANTERN

NUMBER 20

WINTER 1977

introduction

As many LANTERN readers will no doubt recall, up until issue No.19 the magazine was litho printed, and then dropping sales and increasing inflation forced us to adopt the much cheaper but less versatile duplicated magazine. Now, we are pleased to report that because of increasing sales and subscriptions, we now have a better cash 'float' to play with, and, ever striving to improve LANTERN we have decided to introduce a page of litho'd photographs in each issue starting with this one, providing of course that sales stay at the present level. If this upward trend in sales continues it is possible that by the summer we might be able to introduce more litho work and, who knows, by the end of 1978 it might just be possible to return LANTERN to its original litho'd format. However, as with everything else these improvements depend completely on the income from LANTERN sales. So, if you would like to help in this upward trend...TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT LANTERN...get them to take out a subscription; the more money we get in advance the better we can plan future issues. We aren't trying to turn LANTERN into a commercial undertaking, but more money in the kitty means an improved magazine...so, how about it then?...

Christmastide is the traditional time for a good spooky ghost-story, and so, ever true to tradition, we offer a 'Victorian Ghost Story' on page 10. Other offerings include details of a sojourn into Suffolk by Micheal (I'M-never-going-to-write-about-stones-again) Burgess, and part 3 of 'Black Shuck'. Incidentally this should have been the final part, but lack of space has forced us to hold the residue of it until next issue.

The Editor and all involved with LANTERN would like to wish each and every reader a Joyous Yuletide and a Prosperous New Year; thanks for your support over the past 12 months for without it we would have folded up many moons ago!

Ivan Bunn, Editor.

+ + + + + BOOK REVIEW + + + + +

+ 'PHENOMENA - A BOOK OF WONDERS' by John Michell and Robert J.M. Rickard. +

+ Published by Thames & Hudson. Normally I dislike reviewing books because I +

+ find it difficult to sum them up in a nutshell and also because what might be +

+ meat for one could be poison for another. However, after reading PHENOMENA I +

+ fail to see how anyone could be poisoned! If you are a fanatical student of +

+ fortune-telling, or just like to read of strange and wondrous happening, then you +

+ just can't go wrong with this one. Showers of frogs, werewolves, monsters, +

+ electric people, teleportations, invisible barriers, falls of artifacts, +

+ invisible assailants, plus more, more and much more, are crammed into the +

+ books 128 large-size pages. The subject matter is divided into 58 broadbased +

+ categories, each one lavishly illustrated with fascinating photos and en- +

+ gravings. All of which are preceded by a lucid and well-written introduct- +

+ ion by the authors. Even if you aren't particularly interested in the deeper +

+ aspects of the subjects covered in this book, it is still too good to be mis- +

+ sed, for I'm sure that I can't be far wrong in saying that PHENOMENA brings +

+ together perhaps the biggest collection of mysteries ever. Truly it is 'A +

+ BOOK OF WONDERS'. The hardback edition is £3.95, or in paper-covers for a +

+ mere £1.95; the latter, when compared with some of today's paper-backs being +

+ sold at around the same price, takes some beating. IAWB. +

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BLACK * * SMUCK

PART
THREE.

by IVAN BUNN

In the following list I have attempted to outline all the locations in East Anglia where a phantom Black Dog has been reported. If the report is first-hand (ie., received by me) I have put the date of the encounter followed by a +. If the report has been second-hand (ie., gleaned from a newspaper etc) then I have given the last known date. If the report is complete 'hearsay' or a legend, I have indicated it thus: L.

The list is far from complete as I am sure that there are many other reports to have so far escaped my searching and, owing to lack of space, the details of the reports listed have had to be kept to a minimum.

NORFOLK.

ATTLEBRIDGE:	No specific details given.	I890's
BEESTON:	On the road to Bacton (exact location unknown)	L
.. :	Said to 'rise out of the sea here'.	L
BEXWELL:	Seen on road to Downham (exact location unknown).	I9 century.
BLICKLING:	Hall and nearby lake.	L
BUXTON LAMAS:	On road near church and bridge over river.	December I930+
CATFIELD:	On marshes.	I842.
CLEY:	Bottom of Cley hill on road to Blakeney.	I968+
COLTISHALL:	On bridge over river.	I9 century.
CROMER:	seen on clifftop (more than one account).	I9 century.
..	On road to Overstrand (more than one account).	I9 century.
..	Near lighthouse.	I9 century.
..	Near old Railway station, Holt Road.	I920s+
DISS:	Near stile on footpath to Palgrave.	I898+
EAST FLEGG:	'Various churchyards'; no specific location.	L
FOXLEY:	No specific location given.	I602.
GARVESTON:	'Walks a certain lane'; no details.	L
GELDESTON:	On Beccles road near copse called 'The Gelders'.	L
..	In 'Lovers Lane' adjoining churchyard.	L
GORLESTON:	On old turnpike road from Hopton:	I9 century.
GT.YARMOUTH:	Near South Town railway Station:	I9 century.
..	Southtown Road & bridge (more than one account).	I9 century.
..	Blackfriars Road.	I9 century.
..	Quayhead.	I9 century.
HEMPNALL:	Near 'Market Hole' on parish road.	I930s+
HETHERSETT:	Seen in 'Mill Road'.	L
LENWADE:	No details known.	I890s.
LONG STRATTON:	No details known.	????
LYNG:	No details known.	I890s.
MANEA:	On river bank near bridge.	I94I+
MAUTBY:	No details known.	????
MORSTON:	On road to Blakeney (exact location unknown).	Early 20 cent+
NEATISHEAD:	In lane near Barton Common:	I9 century.
OVERSTRAND:	In vicinity of churchyard (more than one account).	Early I9 cent.
PEDDARS WAY:	No details known.	????
RANWORTH:	Area around Ranworth Old Hall.	L
ROCKLAND:	Unspecified road in parish.	I9 century.
SALHOUSE:	Said to have been seen all over the Parish.	I8/I9 century.
SALTHOUSE:	On marshes.	Early 20 ce nt.
SOUTHERY:	On main road near river bridge.	I94I+
STIFFKEY:	Salt marshes between Wells and Blakeney.	Early I9 cent.
SWANTON MORLEY:	On road near RAF camp.	November I945.
TASBURGH:	On road to Flordon railway station.	I9 century.
THETFORD:	On bridge over river.	I9 century.
WEST RUNTON:	On road to Overstrand (exact location unknown)	Early 20 cent+
..	Near slipway at foot of cliff.	December I972+

WICKEN BURWELL:	No details known.	????
WINFARTHING:	No details known.	Early 20 cent.
<u>SUFFOLK:</u>		
BARHAM:	In Church Lane,	Early 20 cent.
BARNBY:	'WaterBar' on main road (more than once).	1930s+
..	On main road near church (more than once).	1930s+
..	On road over 'Hundred Stream'.	1930s+
BLYTHBUGH:	In parish church.	August 1577.
..	On marshes near parish church.	Autumn 1973+
BUNGAY:	In St. Marys church.	August 1577.
BURGH:	Near 'Bathslough' (exact location unknown).	Early 19 cent.
CLOPTON:	In Clopton Hall.	L
CLOPTON GREEN:	On Woolpit road (exact location unknown).	19 century.
CORTON:	On trackway called 'Tramps Alley'.	L
DEBACH:	On road in Parish (exact location unknown).	Early 20 cent.+
DUNWICH:	On cliff top.	1920s+
HARWICH:	Harbour and quayside.	Early 1950s.+
LOWESTOFT:	In 'Wildes Score'.	L
..	In sea off Ness Point.	L
LEISTON:	Around churchyard.	Early 20 cent.
MELTON:	On tollgate near Horse & Groom Inn.	19 century.
OULTON:	On marshes - (no details known).	L
WALBERSWICK:	'Tinkers Barn' on marshes.	L
WOODBIDGE:	No details known.	Early 20 cent.
<u>ESSEX.</u>		
BALSHAM:	ON West Wrattling Road at 'Slough Hill'.	1930s.
GT. WAKERING:	In 'Star Lane'. (exact location unknown).	L
HATFIELD PEVERELL:	No details known.	L
HOCKLEY:	In garden of house at Hawkwell.	1965+
MISTLEY:	Hill near railway station.	1960s.
PELDON:	On the Wigborough Road (exact location unknown).	1930s.
TOLLESBURY:	At 'Jordans Green' on Tolleshunt d'arcy Road.	Early 20 cent.
<u>CAMBRIDGESHIRE.</u>		
ARBURY:	On road near 'Arbury Camp'.	1970+
BARNACK:	No details known.	L
DEVILS DYKE:	Said to roam up and down the dyke.	L
MARKET DEEPING:	No details known.	L
OLD FLETON:	Near pond on old road to Peterborough.	1935+
STANGROUND:	No details known.	L
UPWARE:	On marshes near 'Spinney Abbey'.	1940s
WEINEY:	On marshes between Manea/Welney Rd and river.	L
WOODCRAFT CASTLE:	No details known.	L

This glossary of black dog reports should have marked the end my articles on Black Shuck in East Anglia. Unfortunately owing to lack of space, part of it has had to be held over until the next issue.

BOOK REVIEW: 'PROJECT BLUE-BOOK'. Edited by Brad Steiger (Ballantine Books). This book is a 'must' for every ufologist. Edited by Brad Steiger, it describes in reasonable detail the US Air Force's attempts to solve the UFO enigma. Cases such as the Arnold case, which started the present day UFO investigations, the Mantell and Gorman aircraft chase cases and the Lubbock lights as well as others are dealt with in very fine detail. The book is crammed with official documents relating to investigations, and includes some interesting photographs of famous cases investigated by the USAF. An interesting section is included on the summaries of Projects Sign and Grudge, which gives the reader an idea of how research is carried out by the USAF, and how public relations were only from the Air Force's point of view this time. All in all I found its 420 pages hard work, but worthwhile for all the valuable information contained therein.

KW.

Yes, yes, alright, I know I promised never to write about stones again, but as our still-bearded editor suspected, you can't keep a good stone-freak down. It was suggested to me that I write this article "as it happened". I'd better explain (I suppose.)

On the tenth of October, I girded up my loins, brushed the cobwebs off my motorbike and pointed in the general direction of southwards (those who know me well might just be surprised to learn that I didn't get lost before I got out of my front gate. That came later!). The idea, you see, was to take two days travelling the Suffolk countryside, following the line of the puddingstone trail from the Essex border. On the way I would stop off and photograph various other items for my next book. (Whatever happened to the first one, you may ask? Well it's a long story...)

Anyway, here beginneth adventures both manifold and mind-boggling, and divers events of a most strange nature.....

My first port of call was supposed to be the burial-mounds on BRIGHTWELL HEATH 'twixt Woodbridge and Ipswich, thence to DOBBS CORNER where somebody or other was buried with a most lethal bit of pointed wood through his heart. Unfortunately a new industrial estate appeared as if from nowhere and put the mockers on my plans.

I found that I was lost (surprise...surprise).

After extricating myself from the clutches of the Ipswich ring road and snapping a couple of shots of COPDOCK HALL (haunted by something or other...ask the editor) I whizzed off down the A12 belching clouds of blue smoke (the bike not me) to EAST BERGHOLT. Where the church tower should be is a stumpy wall of masonry that looks as if the builders never came back from their lunch-break. Actually, something like that DID happen in fifteen hundred and god-knows-when, because Cardinal Wolsey turned his toes up at a most unfortunate time, thus drying up the money for the work. Legend will have none of it though, they say that the Devil used to sneak in every night when the masons had finished a new section, and lumbered off again with half a ton of brickwork up his jumper!

I should have turned off then, towards Nayland, but somebody shifted the road. Upon seeing a sign that said 'Welcome to Colchester', I decided that I was lost again. Two hours later, I arrived back in Suffolk after sampling the unexpected delights of the Essex countryside (Aaargh!).

At NAYLAND COURT KNOLL there should have been a puddingstone. However, some-
one had seen fit to plough the knoll almost completely flat, and the stone was
gone. Next came WHITESTREET GREEN, where a beautiful puddingstone, over 3
feet tall, lolled happily in the sun on the village green. As I sat upon the
stone, contemplating the wonders of the world (and my navel), there came a
deep and ominous rumble, seemingly out of the very earth. Ah yes, dinner-time!
I neatly side-stepped the two stones that I'd already seen at KERSEY, and

headed for the one in the old priory grounds at the top of the hill. Somehow I don't think the owners liked visitors very much. After reading such signs as 'Private, Keep Out', 'Beware of the Shuck', and 'These Grounds are Patrolled by Rabid Goblins', I decided to give up.

Despite persistent questioning of a pack of obviously uninterested pigs, I failed to find any trace of the puddingstone at CHELSWORTH COMMON FARM.

Next up the road was BILDESTON, where my first day ended. But before searching out somewhere for the night, I detoured to WATTISHAM STONE, where, believe it or not, is a large granite boulder at the road junction.

Just before 6 o'clock I was up by Bildeston church, munching a bag of crisps and idly pondering the beauties of yonder hill where straw was being burnt in multitude of fairy-like fire-points, each one twinkling and flaring in the deepening dusk. Oh, the wonder! The beauty! The sheer eloquence of that last line!

With stomach still rumbling and tongue in cheek, I then sought my night's lodging at the CROWN INN at Bildeston. This ancient hostelry, tastefully decorated in chrome and juke-box puce, with a rather natty line in simulated beer, has the reputation of being haunted by an 'old-fashioned figure' and various poltergeese. To his credit, the landlord didn't regale me with any ghostly tales designed to whet my appetite for more of his gas-and-water ale. To his discredit, he then began plotting with another customer how to scare the wallets off a party of saddle-sore Americans expected the following week. (The results of which can still be read in the local newspapers). However, he did tell me of a secret tunnel that's supposed to run from the Inn to the clock tower across the road, leading from the trap-door that he just happened to be standing on at that moment. Mind you, he said he'd never been down it, and from the disapproving look on his face, I don't think he wanted anyone else to either. By this time the beer was beginning to rot my kidneys, and I started on orange juice, containing just a hint of whiskey. (Er...by the way, if the above mentioned landlord just happens, by the merest stroke of chance, to be reading this, not a word of it is true, sir, really it isn't!)

I awoke the next day to a cold, egg-and-bacon, splitting headache, sort of morning, intent on finding the puddingstone at CHAPEL FARM nearby. It was another of those places that welcomes you with open alsatian jaws and barbed-wire hand shakes.

Sighing heavily, I proceeded to BRETENHAM, where the churchyard is haunted by some mysterious, melancholy figure (probably looking for a good pub!).

Failing to discover the whereabouts of the puddingstone at FELTHAM, I chugged merrily off to HESSETT, where a rather dubious-looking puddingstone (probably sandstone) sat glumly in the church porch.

I had the biggest (actually the only) laugh of the day at THURSTON. Could Dr. Rudge really have been serious in making the lump of rock in the church yard part of his puddingstone track? His celebrated 'Thor Stone' is no more nor less than a large piece of flint-covered masonry that can only have fallen out of the church wall! And in fact, I found that the church had to be rebuilt in 1860 after collapsing. Oh Doctor Rudge, what a slip-up!

Things began to hot up at HALL FARM near Fornham St. Martin. After a half mile walk, I found the 'Hiring-stone' here at the junction of three tracks: It really IS a puddingstone (for a change). Here it's said that workmen were hired and wages were paid in days gone by, and some confirmation of this then arrived in the shape of an estate car that nearly mangled me tripod. It was in fact the owner of the farm who, after listening to me for a few minutes and no doubt wondering whether or not to send for the little men in white coats, told me that he actually still met his men at the stone every morning, and had done so for years. "Mind you," says he, "it's really only a sort of marker on the Roman road that used to go through here." (Er...what Roman road?).

After finding that the puddingstones at TIMWORTH and INGHAM were long gone, I tried to locate the SEVEN HILLS tumuli on the main Thetford road, which are said to cover 'those killed in the battle of Fornham.' Unfortunately, a neat row of mock-georgian houses, a skronk of tattered trees and a rather imposing

wire fence tended to obscure the subject somewhat. Muttering curses aimed at the nearest capitalist property developer, and bypassing the puddingstones at LIVERMERE PARK and WEST FARM for lack of time, I scowled off towards THETFORD.

One or two snaps of the haunted King's house, then off up the steep slopes of the CASTLE MOUND (not on my bike I hasten to add). There are three stones, all about 3 feet high in Minstergate near the old bridge, but only one of these is puddingstone. I should have looked for the puddingstones on the south side of the bridge, but I forgot about these as I spent the next hour looking for my bike, which I'd left in a car park somewhere near the market-place. Hells bells I couldn't even find the market! My last visit while in thetford was to the Nuns Bridges, a line of 3 narrow bridges where the ghost of a certain Lord Dacre supposedly prances up and down on a headless rocking-horse! Hmmm.....

And now for home! Revving up my bike to mach 3 (well, alright, about 50 yards an hour), I set off on the last leg of the journey, by which time I was also on my last legs, the first being left halfway up the sheer sides of the Castle Mound.

Next stop the WHITE HART INN at Scole, where the brave lads of BSIG spent the night a few years ago, looking for a ghostly flame and a phantom strangler. I don't beleive anyone slept that night....

Took three photos and headed for HOKNE. Got lost. Found Hoxne. Had a look at St. Edmund's monument, supposed to be the site of the tree where St.Ed got a weskit full of arrows and a rather severe head-cold, one of which caused him to expire slightly. Photographed the Goldbrook Bridge. Sir Eddy again. He put a curse on it after a bridal couple gave away his hiding place underneath it. Not a nice thing to do at all.

Headed for Harleston. Got lost. Found Metfield instead! Didn't like is so I put it back.

Hit Beccles at 60 miles an hour. Beccles came off worst.

Arrived at Carlton Colville.

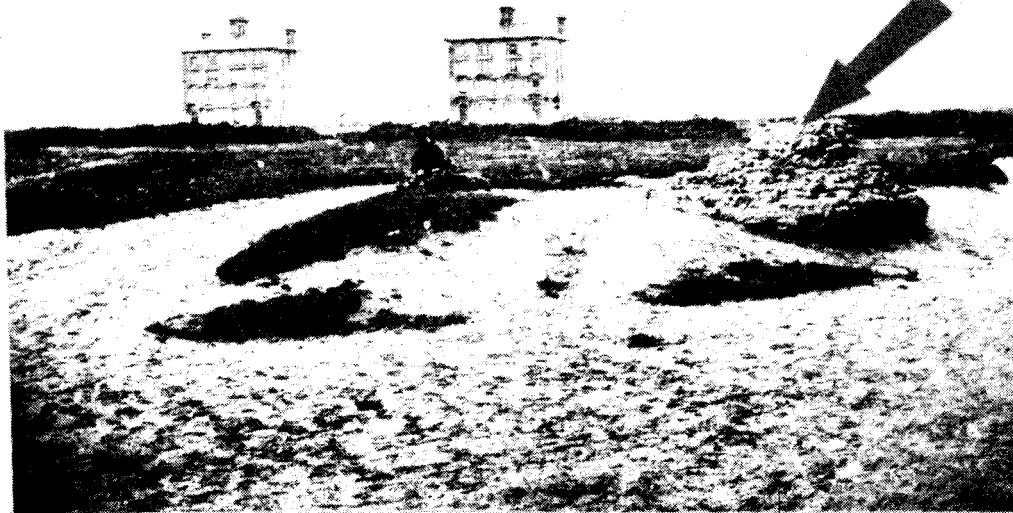
Bike gave up the ghost.

Pushed bike home.....

+ + + + +

I just thought I'd add the following onto the end of my 'article' (if it can laughingly be called that). It's a list of those stones in Dr.Rudge's 'Conglomerate' or Puddingstone Track' that I have personally visited over the lasy year or so, with my own additions to his commentary. Please remember that EVERY stone is supposed to be a conglomerate; that is, a rock of flint pebbles set in a natural cement, looking something like a hard-baked 'spotted dick'. It's a very easily recognisable kind of stone. I want to show that Rudge made a few bloomers in his time.

NAYLAND COURT KNOLL:...	map ref.	TL975340....	Knoll ploughed flat: <u>Stone gone</u> .
WHITESTREET GREEN.....	"	TL975395....	At side of road, by village green 3'x2'x3' high: <u>conglomerate</u> .
KERSEY FORD:.....	..	TL00I442....	Tiny stone in pavement; only I' high: actually <u>sandstone</u> .
KERSEY STREET:.....	..	TL000443....	Large flat stone set in pavement; 4' across: <u>conglomerate</u> .
KERSEY PRIORY:.....	..	TL998445....	Inaccessible.
DRAKESTONE GREEN.....	..	TL994454....	In orchard bank by road side: 2' across x2' high: <u>conglomerate</u> .
CHELSWORTH COMMON.....	..	TL98747I....	Stone gone.
CHELSWORTH.....	..	TL98I479....	In angle of church wall; I' high: <u>probably sandstone</u> .
CHAPEL FARM, HITCHAM...	..	TL977498....	Inaccessible.
FELSHAM.....	..	TL945570....	Stone gone.
HESSETT.....	..	TL9376I8....	Against wall of church porch; 2' xI'xI' high; seems to be part of a column or font base. <u>Probably san-</u> <u>dstone</u> .
THURSTON.....	..	TL929653....	In churchyard; 4'x2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 'x4' high;



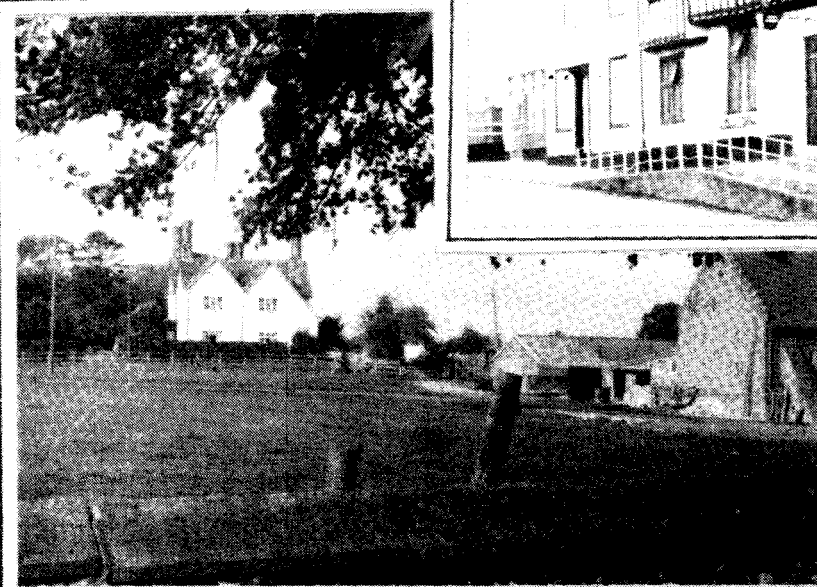
▲ *'The Witches Stones' at Lowestoft, circa 1862, before the laying-out of Belle Vue Park.*

◀ *East Bergholt Church*



▲ *The Crown Inn, Bildeston.*

◀ *Copdock Hall;*



The following story, which relates the experience of Dr. Augustus Jessop, first appeared in a letter to the 'Athenaeum' of January 10, 1880. It was subsequently re-published by Dr. Jessop in his book 'Frivola' in 1896 under the title:

AN ANTIQUARY'S GHOST STORY

"Little more than two months (grown no, as I print for the second time, in to sixteen years) have passed since my own personal experience of mental phenomena was strikingly enlarged by the occurrence with which the following narrative deals. Yet already I find that round the original story there has gathered a surprising accumulation of the mythical element, and that I myself am in danger of becoming a hero of romance in more senses than one. As I object to be looked upon as a kind of medium to whom supernatural visitations are vouchsafed, and on the other hand, do not wish to be set down as a crazy dreamer whose disorganised nervous system renders abnormally liable to fantastic delusions, I have yielded to the earnest request of some who have begged me to make public the following paper. I am told that there are those who busy themselves in collecting similar stories and if it be so, it is better they should hear the facts from me than after they have passed through other channels. The narrative was written, at the request of a friend, not many days after the event, when all of the circumstances were fresh in my recollection.

On the 10th of October, 1879, I drove over from Norwich to Mannington Hall to spend the night at Lord Orford. Though I was in perfect health and high spirits, it is fair to state that for some weeks previously, I had had a great deal to think about, some little anxiety, and some considerable mental strain of one kind or another. I was not, however, conscious of anything approaching weariness, irritability, or 'fag.' I arrived at 4pm., and was engaged in pleasant and animated conversation till it was time to dress for dinner. We dined at seven; our party numbered six persons. Of these, four at least had been great travellers. I myself was rather a listener; the talk was general and discursive, and amused and interested me greatly. Not for a single moment did it turn upon the supernatural; it was chiefly concerned with questions of art and the experiences of men who had seen a great deal

of the world, and could describe intelligently what they had seen and comment upon it suggestively. I have rarely been at a more pleasant party. After dinner we played a rubber. We 'left off' as we had begun, and as two of the guests had some distance to drive we broke at half-past ten.

The main object of my going over to Mannington was to examine and take notes upon some very rare books in Lord Orford's library, which I had been anxiously wishing to get a sight of for some years, but had never been fortunate enough to meet up with up to this time. I asked leave to sit up for some hours and make transcripts. His Lordship at first wished me to let his valet remain in attendance to see all lights put out, but as this would have embarrassed me and compelled me to go to bed earlier than I wished, and as it seemed likely that I should be occupied until two or three in the morning, it was agreed that I should be left to my own devices and the servants should be allowed to retire. By eleven o'clock I was the only person downstairs, and I was very soon busily at work and absorbed in my occupation.

The room in which I was writing is a large one, with a huge fireplace and a grand old chimney; and it is needless to say that it is furnished with comfort and luxury. The library opens into this room, and I had to pass out from where I was sitting into this library and get upon a chair to reach the volumes I wanted to examine. There were six small volumes in all. I took them down and placed them at my right hand in a little pile, and set to work - sometimes reading, some times writing. As I finished with a book I placed it in front of me. There were 4 silver candlesticks upon the table, the candles were all burning, and, as I am a chilly person, I sat myself at one corner of the table with the fire at my left, and at intervals, as I finished with a book, I rose, knocked the fire together, and stood up to warm my feet. I continued in this way at my task till nearly one o'clock. I had got one better than I had expected, and I had only one more book to occupy me. I rose, wound up my watch,

and opened a bottle of seltzer water, and I remember thinking to myself that I should get to bed by two after all. I set to work on the last little book. I had been engaged upon it about half an hour, and was just beginning to think that my work was drawing to a close when, as I was actually writing, I saw a large white hand within a foot of my elbow. Turning my head, there sat a figure of a somewhat large man, with his back to the fire, bending slightly over the table, and apparently examining the pile of books that I had been at work upon. The man's face was turned away from me, but I saw his closely cut reddish-brown hair, his ear and shaved cheek, the eyebrow, the corner of the right eye, the side of the forehead, and the large high cheek-bone. He was dressed in what I can only describe as a kind of ecclesiastical habit of thick corded silk or some such material, close up to the throat, and a narrow rim of edging, of about an inch broad, of satin or velvet serving as a stand-up collar, and fitting close to the chin. The right hand, which had first attracted my attention, was clasping, without any great pressure, the left hand; both hands were in perfect repose, and the large blue veins of the right hand were conspicuous. I remember thinking that the hand was like the hand of Velasquez's "Dead Knight" in the National Gallery. I looked at my visitor for some seconds, and was perfectly sure that he was not a reality. A thousand thoughts came crowding upon me, but not the least feeling of alarm, or even uneasiness; curiosity and a strong interest were uppermost. For an instant I felt eager to make a sketch of my friend, and I looked at a tray on my right for a pencil; the I thought, "upstairs I have a sketchbook - shall I fetch it?" There he sat, and I was fascinated; afraid, not of his staying, but lest he should go. Stopping in my writing, I lifted my left hand from the paper, stretched it out to a pile of books, and moved the top one. I cannot explain why I did this - my arm passed in front of the figure, and it vanished. I was simply disappointed and nothing more. I went on with my writing as if nothing had happened, perhaps for another five minutes, and I had actually got to the last few words of what I had determined to extract when the figure appeared again, exactly in the same

place and attitude as before. I saw the hands close to my own; I turned my head again, to examine him more closely, and I was framing a sentence to address him when I discovered that I did not dare to speak. I was afraid of the sound of my own voice. There he sat, and there sat I. I turned my head again to my work, and finished writing the two or three words I still had to write. The paper and my notes are at this moment before me, and exhibit not the slightest tremor or nervousness. I could point out the words I was writing when the phantom came and when he disappeared. Having finished my task, I shut the book and threw it on the table; it made a slight noise as it fell - the figure vanished.

Throwing myself back in my chair, I sat for some seconds looking at the fire with a curious mixture of feeling, and I remember wondering whether my friend would come again, and if he did whether he would hide the fire from me. Then first there stole upon me a dread and a suspicion that I was beginning to lose my nerve. I remember yawning; then I roas, lit my bedroom candle, took my books into the inner library, mounted the chair as before, and replaced five of the volumes; the sixth I brought back and laid upon the table where I had been writing when the phantom did me the honour to appear to me. By this time I had lost all sense of uneasiness. I blew out the four candles and marched off to bed, where I slept the sleep of the just or the guilty - I know not which - but I slept very soundly.

This is a simple and unvarnished narrative of fact. Explanation, theory, or inference I leave to others.

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BACK NUMBERS

WE STILL HAVE SOME BACK NUMBERS OF LANTERN AVAILABLE. PLEASE DROP A LINE TO THE EDITOR AT THE ADDRESS ON PAGE ONE FOR DETAILS. + + + + +

THANKS FOR ALL THE ARTICLES, PRESS-CUTTINGS ETC THAT KEEP COMING IN. PLEASE KEEP SENDING THEM BECAUSE THE MORE WE GET THE MORE INTERESTING AND DIVERSIFIED LANTERN WILL BE + + + + +

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EXCHANGE MAGAZINES

THE CHRISTIAN PARAPSYCHOLOGIST: a professionally produced magazine dealing with psychic phenomena from a religious viewpoint. Quarterly; annual sub £1.50 from Leslie Price, 1 Devesonshire Gardens, London W43TW.

ANOMALY RESEARCH BULLETIN: duplicated, bi-monthly. Fortean phenomena. Journal of the Michigan Anomaly Research Group. Annual UK sub £1.50 from Dave Fideler, 7098 Edinburgh, Lambertville, Michigan, USA.

UFO RESEARCH REVIEW: litho'd, quarterly. Scientific approach to UFO research. The Journal of the Nottingham UFO Investigation Society (NUFOIS). Single copies 25p, full details from NUFOIS, 443 Meadow Lane, Nottingham, NG2 3QB.

THE LEY HUNTER: litho'd, bi-monthly. THE 'magazine of Earth Mysteries'. Annual sub (UK & Europe) £2.70. From Paul Devereux, PO Box 152, London, N10 IEP.

THE FORTEAN TIMES: litho'd, quarterly. THE magazine of strange phenomena, curiosities, mysteries etc. Annual sub £3.00, single copies 75p. Edited by RJM Rickard, same address as TLH above. (Note: the joint Ley Hunter/Fortean Times subscription advertised in previous editions of Lantern has now been discontinued).

MUF0B: Litho'd, quarterly. An informal journal devoted to UFOlogy and allied subjects. Annual sub £1.25 from John Rimmer, 11 Beverly Road, New Malden, Surrey.

THE JOURNAL of the Essex UFO Study Group. Duplicated, bi-monthly. Annual sub is £2 from Mr. D.J. Goring, 16 Raydons Road, Dagenham, Essex.

PULSAR: duplicated, quarterly. The journal of the Preston Ufological & Leyographical Society and Expedition (PULSE). Single copies 20p, full details of PULSAR and PULSE from 29 Bairstow Street, Preston, Lancs, PR1 3TN.

ANCIENT SKILLS & WISDOM REVUE: duplicated, quarterly. Reviews of books and magazines on Leys, folklore, geomancy, earth mysteries etc., Annual sub £2, from Mr. Paul Screeton, 5 Egton Drive, Seaton Carew, Hartlepool.

JOURNAL OF GEOMANCY: duplicated, quarterly. Published by the Institute of Geomantic Research. Single copies 60p or full membership to IGR £3.00 per annum. From, Nigel Pennick, 142 Pheasant Rise, Bar Hill, Cambs. CB3 8SD.

ONGAR ZODIAC by Jim Kimmis. An IGR Occasional Paper dealing with the many and varied aspects of a terrestrial zodiac centred around Chipping Ongar, Essex. Duplicated with litho maps. 85p plus 15p postage, available from Nigel Pennick and the IGR, address as above.

PRINCIPLES OF PREHISTORIC SACRED GEOGRAPHY: by Dr. Josef Heinsch. A definitive English translation by Michael Behrend M.A., of Dr. Heinsch's original paper which was first read before the International Congress of Geography in Amsterdam in 1938. Duplicated with explanatory maps; published by Renris-Wolf, 50p plus 10p postage; again available from Nigel Pennick at Bar Hill.

SKYWATCH: duplicated, bi-monthly. UFOs and related phenomena. Journal of the Manchester Aerial Phenomena Team (MAPIT). Annual sub to Skywatch/MAPIT, £2.30 from 92 Hillcrest Road, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SK2 5SE.

NORTHERN UFO NEWS: duplicated; monthly Newsletter of the Northern UFO Network, UFO reports, news and comment. Details from Jenny Randles, 23 Sunningdale Drive, Irlam, Manchester, M30 6NJ.

RES BUREAUX BULLETIN: duplicated, tri-weekly. Fortean and allied phenomena. Details from the Res Bureaux, Box 1598, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

WATSUP JOURNAL: duplicated, quarterly. Journal of the Wessex association for the Study of Unexplained Phenomena (WATSUP). Single copies 25p, full details from Nick Maloret, 180 Locksway Road, Milton, Portsmouth, Hants.

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We've just received a review copy of a new bi-monthly magazine, 'SPACEQUEST'. It covers such subjects as UFOs, cosmology, astronomy, space travel, CETI, science fiction, science fact and the mysteries of time and space. It has a highly-professional, glossy format, tending to be rather commercial. Single copies are 75p, annual sub (UK) £4.50. From PO Box, Kings Langley, Hertfordshire.

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CATALOGUE OF UFO SIGHTINGS IN ESSEX FOR 1976: Compiled by Andy Collins this useful catalogue contains reports of 42 cases from the Essex area investigated during 1976. Tables are included which give various statistics, including a chronological list of the sightings and conclusions, shapes, colours and other characteristics. Let's hope that this worthwhile piece of work will stimulate others to produce similar documents for their respective areas: Available from Andy Collins, 19 St. Davids Way, Wickford, Essex, SS11 8EX - price 85p.